

# THE BEAVER HERALD.

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NO. 44.



BY THOS. HARDY

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## CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

The clock crept on to twelve before Rosalys had written a word. The labor seemed Herculean—insuperable. Why had she not told him face to face? Twelve o'clock it was, and nothing done; and controlling herself as women can, when they must, she went down to the door. Softly opening it a little way she saw against the iron gate immediately without it the form of her husband, Jim Durrant—upon the whole much the same form that she had known eight years ago.

"Here I am," said he.

"Open this iron thing."

A momentary feeling of aversion caused her to hesitate.

"Do you hear—do you mean to say—Rosalys?" he began.

"No—no. Of course I will!" She opened the grille and he came up and touched her hand lightly.

"Kissing not allowed, I suppose," he observed, with mock solemnity, "in view of the fact that you are to be married to-morrow."

"You know better," she said. "Of course I'm not going to commit bigamy! The wedding is not to be."

"Have you explained it to him?"

"N—no—not yet. I was just writing it when—"

"Ha—you haven't. Good. Woman's way. Shall I give him a friendly call to-morrow morning?"

"No, no, no—let me do it!" she implored. "I love him so well, and it will break his poor heart if it is not done gently! O God—if I could only die to-night, while he still believes in me! You don't know what affection I have felt for him!" she continued, miserably, not caring what Jim thought.

"He has been my whole world! And he—he believes me to be so good! He has all the old-fashioned ideas of marriage that people of your fast sets smile at! He knows nothing of any kind of former acquaintance between you and me. I ought not to have done it—kept him in the dark! I tried not to. But I was so fearfully lonely! And now I've lost him! \* \* \* If I could only have got at that register in that city church, how I would have torn out the leaf!" she added vehemently.

"That's a pleasant remark to make to a husband!"

"Well—that was my feeling; I may as well be honest! I didn't know you were coming back any more; and you yourself suggested that I might be able to remedy!"

"You'd better do it—I shan't tell. And if anybody else did, the punishment is not heavy nowadays. The judges are beginning to discountenance informers on previous marriages, if the new-assorted parties themselves are satisfied to forget them."

"Don't insult me so. You're not forgotten how to do that in all these years!"

There was a silence, in which she with passive gloom regarded the familiar scene before her. The inquisitive jays, the pensive wood-doves, that lodged at their ease thereabouts, as if knowing that their proprietor was a gunless woman, all slept calmly, and not a creature was conscious of the presence of these two but a little squirrel they had disturbed in a beech near the shady lawn. Durrant remained gazing at her; then he spoke, in a changed and richer voice:

"Rosalys!"

She looked vaguely at his face without answering.

"How pretty you look in this starlight—much as you did when we used to meet here nine or ten years ago!"

"Ah! But—"

The sentence was broken by his abrupt movement forward. He seized her firmly in his arms, and kissed her before she was aware.

"Don't—don't!" she said, struggling.

"Why?"

"I don't like you—I don't like you!"

"What rot! Yes, you do! Come—damn you, dear—put up your face as you used to! Now, I'm not going off in a huff—I'm determined I won't; nor shall you either! \* \* \* Let me sit down in your hall, or somewhere, Rosalys! I've come a long way to-day, and I'm tired. And after eight years!"

"I don't know what to say to it—there's no light downstairs! The servants may hear us, too—it is not so very late."

"We can whisper. And suppose they do? They must know to-morrow."

She gasped a sigh, and preceded him in through the door; and the innocent squirrel saw nothing more.

Three hours and a half later they reappeared. The lawn was as silent as when they had left it, though the sleep of things had weakened down to a certain precarious slowness; and round the corner of the house a low line of light showed the dawn.

"Now, good-by, dear," said her husband, lightly. "You'll let him know at once?"

"Of course."

"And send to me directly after?"

"Yes."

"And now for my walk across the fields to the hotel. These boots are thin, but I know the old way well enough. By Jove, I wonder what Melanie—"

know, of course, Rosalys, that I thought you were perhaps dead—and so this lady passes as Mrs. Durrant."

Rosalys started.

"In fact, I found her in the east, and took pity upon her—that's all. Though if it had happened that you had not been living now I have got back, I should have married her at once, of course."

"Is—she, then, here with you at the hotel?"

"O no—I wouldn't bring her on here till I knew how things were."

"Then where is she?"

"I left her at my rooms in London. O, it will be all right—I shall see her safely back to Paris, and make a little provision for her. Nobody in England knows anything of her existence."

"When—did you part from her?"

"Well, of course, at breakfast time."

Rosalys bowed herself against the doorway. "O—O—what have I done? What a fool, what a weak fool!" she moaned. "Go away from me—go away!"

Jim was almost distressed when he saw the distortion of her agonized face.

"Now, why should you take on like this! There's nothing in it. People do these things. Living in a prim society here you don't know how the world goes on!"

"O, but to think it didn't occur to me that the sort of man—"

Jim, though anxious, seemed to awaken to something humorous in the situation, and vented a momentary chuckle. "Well, it is rather funny that I should have let it out. But still—"

"Don't make a deep wrong deeper by cruel levity. Go away!"

"You'll be in a better mood to-morrow, mark me; and then I'll tell you

long for any human aid. Dead and

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But she "Was Glad" Time Hadn't Made Any Change in Her.

The following anecdote has both a comical and pathetic side. What a long time fifty years is in the life of a human being! And how far apart, how unlike in tastes, feelings, opinions and habits, men and women can become, who in childhood slept under the same roof, attended the same school and dreamed of nothing but of being friends forever! A gentleman whose "courtly manners" were mentioned in all the newspapers when he died, a few years after this incident, fancied in his old age that he wished to see his boyhood friends, and most of all, the fair young girl, whose love long years before, he almost, but not quite, had dared to ask.

He forgot country manners and called at half-past eleven in the forenoon. He was asked to walk "right out into the kitchen," as there was no fire anywhere else.

His early admiration stood before him, in a worn calico dress, no collar and a wide and not faultlessly clean apron. Her half-combed, grizzled hair was tucked under a rusty black lace cap, trimmed with faded purple ribbon. She had no teeth and a huge pair of silver-bowed spectacles were pushed up on her brown, wrinkled forehead.

Fifty-two years before they had parted with a kiss, and he had been intending to meet her with one and thus bridge the chasm of years. But he changed his mind when through his gold-bowed glasses he took in the picture before him.

Wiping her hands on her apron she gave him a hearty handshake and made him "sit right down," adding that they were "killing hogs and trying up lard," but if he would "stay to dinner" she would have "a fire put in the front room."

Of course he declined the invitation, and for his own comfort, as well as for his convenience, he determined to make his call short. Still, he must say something complimentary before leaving, but what could he say?

Just then the lard boiled over, and with a shrill cry to her daughter to "come quick," the woman jumped up and caught hold of the kettle. The smoke and perfume were in themselves far from agreeable, but they were grateful to the caller, as they gave him a chance for the desired compliment.

"Your step has lost none of its elasticity since the evening we sauntered together along the banks of the R—," he said, "while this—holding out his gold-headed cane—"is needed to support mine."

"Yes," answered the woman, "I'm as spry as a kitten, and I have thought ever since you've been here that I was glad enough time hadn't changed me as it has you."—Youth's Companion.

Spelling Kitten.

A dear little girl.

With her brain in a whirl.

With her word "kitten" to spell.

"K-double t-s."

"T-o-n," said she.

And thought she had done very well;

"Has kitten two t's?"

And the teacher's surprise

With mirth and patience was bent.

"My kitten has two."

Said Majory Lou.

And she looked as she felt—quite content—

—Ladies' Home Companion.

In Days to Come.

"It's awfully lonesome at home, Mr. Neader, I thought I'd run over and see you a little while. Anything new?"

"No, except that my wife has joined a new club. That's where she is now. You won't mind, Mr. Neader, if I keep right on washing the dishes? It's Patrick's evening out."—Chicago Tribune.

—yes—it's Mr. James Durrant—the son of the Mr. Durrant who died some years ago. He came home only yesterday, after having been heard nothing of for years and years. He left Mrs. Durrant, who they say is a French lady, somewhere in London, but they have telegraphed and found her, and she's coming. They say she's quite distracted. The poor gentleman left the Three Lions last night and went out to dinner, saying he would walk home, as it was a fine night and not very far; and it is supposed he took the old short cut across the moor where there used to be a path when he was a lad at home, crossing the big river by a plank. There is only a rail now, and he must have tried to get across upon it, for it was broken in two, and his body found in the water-weeds just below.

"Is he—dead?"

"O yes. They had a great trouble to get him out. The men have just come from carrying him to the hotel. It will be sad for his poor wife when she gets there."

"His poor wife—yes."

"Traveling all the way from London on such a call!"

Rosalys had allowed the hand in which she held the letter to Lord Parkhurst to drop to her side; she now put it in the pocket of her dressing-gown.

"I was wishing to send somewhere," she said. "But I think I will wait till later."

The house was bestir betimes on account of the wedding, and Rosalys' companion in particular, who was not sad because she was going to live on with the bride. When Miss Jennings saw her cousin's agitation she said she looked ill, and insisted upon sending for the doctor. He, who was the local practitioner, arrived at breakfast time; very proud to attend such an important lady who mostly got doctored in London. He said Rosalys certainly was not quite in her usual state of health; prescribed a tonic, and declared that she would be all right in an hour or two. He then informed her that he had been suddenly called upon that morning in the case of which they had possibly heard—the drowning of Mr. Durrant.

"And you could do nothing?" asked Rosalys.

"O no. He'd been under water too long for any human aid. Dead and

all my history. There—I'm gone! Au revoir!"

He disappeared under the trees. Rosalys, rousing herself, closed the gate and fastened the door, and sat down in one of the hall chairs, her teeth shut tight and her little hands clenched. When she had passed this mood, and returned upstairs, she regarded the state of her room sadly, and bent again over her writing-table, murmuring: "O how weak, how weak was I!"

But in a few minutes she found herself served to an unexpected and passionate vigor of action, and began writing her letter to Lord Parkhurst with great rapidity. Sheet after sheet she filled, and, having read them over, she sealed up the letter and placed it on the mantelpiece to be given to a groom and dispatched by hand as soon as the morning was a little further advanced.

With cold feet and a burning head she flung herself upon the bed just as she was, and waited for the day without the power to sleep. When she had lain nearly two hours, and the morning had crept in, and she could hear from the direction of the stables that the men were astir, she rang for her maid, and taking the letter in her hand stood with it in an attitude of suspense as the woman entered. The latter looked full of intelligence.

"Are any of the men about?" asked Rosalys.

"Yes, ma'am. There have been such an accident in the Meads this past night—about half a mile down the river—and Jones ran up from the lodge to call for help quite early; and Benton and Peters went as soon as they were dressed. A gentleman drowned

the flush of love which mantled her cheek died away to pale rather quickly.

On the way to church the road skirted the low-lying ground where the river was, and about a dozen men were seen in the bright-green meadow, standing beside the deep central stream, and looking intently at a broken rail.

"Who are those men?" said the bride.

"Oh—they are the coroner's jury, I think," said Miss Jennings, "come to view the place where the unfortunate Mr. Durrant lost his life last night. It was curious that, by the merest accident, he should have been at Mrs. Lacy's dinner—since they hardly knew him at all."

"It was—I saw him there," said Rosalys.

Ten minutes later she was kneeling against the altar railings, with Lord Parkhurst on her right hand.

The wedding was by no means a gay one, and there were few people invited. Rosalys, for one thing, having hardly any relations. The newly united pair got away from the house very soon after the ceremony. When they drove off there was a group of people round the door, and some among the bystanders asked how far they were going that day.

"To Dover. They cross the channel to-morrow, I believe."

To-morrow came, and those who had gathered together at the wedding went about their usual duties and amusements. Col. Lacy among the rest. As he and his wife were returning home by the late afternoon train after a short journey up the line, he bought a copy of an evening paper and glanced at the latest telegrams.

"My good God!" he cried.

"What?" said she, starting towards him.

He tried to read—then handed her the paper; and she read for herself: "DOVER—DEATH OF LORD PARKHURST, R. N."

"We regret to announce that this distinguished nobleman and heroic naval officer, who arrived with Lady Parkhurst last evening at the Lord Chamberlain hotel in this town, predeceased to starting on their wedding-tour, entered his dressing-room very early this morning and shot himself through the head with a revolver. The report was heard shortly after dawn, none of the inmates of the hotel being astir at the time. No reason can be assigned for the rash act."

[THE END.]

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gleaned By Telegraph and Mail.

### PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

A CLAIM for \$200,000 against the Spanish government was to be filed in Washington by the late John Repio, an Italian by birth but a naturalized American citizen, who was the proprietor of the Rome Grand Continental hotel in Havana. Repio claims that one night in the summer he and his family were driven from the hotel by Spanish soldiers and it was confiscated on the ground that he was a sympathizer with the Cuban revolutionists.

SENATOR HARRIS, the chairman of the executive committee of six appointed at the Washington conference August 1, to organize for the campaign of 1896 the free silver democrats of the country, has sent a letter to his colleagues stating that he had no hope of democratic success in 1896 unless they could succeed in so organizing the bimetallic democrats as to secure in the national convention a plain declaration in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold, without regard to the financial policies of any country.

REV. DR. SAMUEL ASHTON KEAN, a noted angelist and religious writer, died at Delaware, O., on the 13th of heart trouble, aged 53 years.

The Georgia house of representatives unanimously adopted a resolution on the 13th inst. inviting Secretary Hoke Smith to address the assembly on the issues of the day on such date as he might find convenient.

By special invitation, conveyed by joint resolution of both houses, ex-Speaker Crisp addressed the Georgia legislature on the 13th on the political issues of the day. Mr. Crisp confined himself almost exclusively to the financial question and in the course of his remarks he declared himself unequivocally in favor of the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1.

SENATOR ELECT P. J. BENNETT, of Carroll county, Md., died suddenly on the 13th. He was elected as a democrat. Gov. Brown will be called upon to order a special election for Carroll county, and upon the result of that election depends the political complexion of the next senate of Maryland.

His friends claimed that his mind had been so much affected by the fact that an important step had been taken to bring about a union of reform forces for the campaign of 1896. A letter, signed by about 100 men and women of one or the other of the minor parties, was sent to the national committee of the populist, prohibition and socialist parties, asking that a subcommittee of three be appointed to confer with reference to a joint national conference.

MISS PAULINE PAYNE WHITNEY, daughter of ex-Secretary Whitney, was married to Mr. Almerie Paget at St. Thomas church, New York. The wedding was a notable event, President Cleveland and many other distinguished persons being present at the ceremony.

The first territorial woman suffrage convention began at Guthrie, Ok., on the 11th. The convention was to get a woman suffrage plank in the constitution when Oklahoma becomes a state.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BILLY MURPHY, the Australian, and Jack Dougherty, a Philadelphia pugilist, recently fought a ten round mill at Lexington, Ky. The referee gave the fight to Murphy.

A DRAMATIC scene took place recently in the council chamber at Muskogee, I. T., when the Chickasaw and Choctaw delegations met Senator Dawes and the commissioners, and in answer to the question whether they would abandon their tribal relations and allot their lands, they said: "We will never allot our lands or trade away our national existence." The Dawes commission then withdrew.

From 500 to 1,000 cabmen were on strike at New York on the 14th, all the cab service of the hotels and theaters being cut off. The cause of the strike was the employment of non-union men at the stables.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WILSON issued a general fraud order on the 14th including all the alleged lottery companies, both in the United States and elsewhere, and directing all postmasters of the country to mark mail sent to these companies as fraudulent and return it to the senders.

At the meeting of the Knights of Labor at Washington on the 13th the address of General Master Workman Sovereign was devoted to the alleged treachery of those who headed the recent revolt against the general officers of the order. He appealed to the assembly to give to his recent order boycotting national bank notes its official sanction and denounced the action of the bankers' convention at Atlanta, Ga. General Workman Bishop called attention to the evolution of machinery during the last few years and the elimination of human skill from all forms of productive industries.

At Maspeth, L. I., on the 11th Peter Maher knocked out Steve O'Donnell in one round, sixty-three seconds from the start. The Irish champion knocked O'Donnell down three times in succession, and the last time the Australian could not rise. The mill was to have been twenty-five rounds. It was rumored that Corbett had presented Maher with the heavyweight championship, but this rumor was denied later.

The district of St. Elizabeth, N. S., was reported in a deplorable condition through the failure of crops from drought and the devastation of grasshoppers. Starvation was staring the people in the face and several had already died from want of the necessities of life.

Soon after midnight on the 10th a mob broke into the jail at Purvis, Miss., and liberated Will Purvis, a whitecap, who was under sentence of death for murder. It was thought that the governor would commute the sentence, but his escape probably puts an end to further proceedings.

At a meeting of the National Base ball league in New York on the 14th a fund was started to erect a monument to Harry Wright, the veteran player who died recently.